

## Index to Advertisements.

Page.	Col.	Page.	Col.
Advertisements	1	Advertisements	1
Advertisements	2	Advertisements	2
Advertisements	3	Advertisements	3
Advertisements	4	Advertisements	4
Advertisements	5	Advertisements	5
Advertisements	6	Advertisements	6
Advertisements	7	Advertisements	7
Advertisements	8	Advertisements	8
Advertisements	9	Advertisements	9
Advertisements	10	Advertisements	10
Advertisements	11	Advertisements	11
Advertisements	12	Advertisements	12
Advertisements	13	Advertisements	13
Advertisements	14	Advertisements	14
Advertisements	15	Advertisements	15
Advertisements	16	Advertisements	16
Advertisements	17	Advertisements	17
Advertisements	18	Advertisements	18
Advertisements	19	Advertisements	19
Advertisements	20	Advertisements	20

## Business Notices.

A-BOKER'S BITTERS since 1828 acknowledged to be the best and most efficacious Bitter made, whether taken pure or with wine or liquor.

No well-regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated aperitif.

TRIBUTE TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, 7 days a week 1 year, \$7.50 6 mos, \$4.50 3 mos, \$2.50  
 Sunday Tribune 1 year, \$5.00 6 mos, \$3.00 3 mos, \$1.50  
 Weekly Tribune 1 year, \$3.00 6 mos, \$1.50 3 mos, \$0.75  
 Semi-Weekly Tribune 1 year, \$2.00 6 mos, \$1.00 3 mos, \$0.50  
 Cash or Postal Note, or Express Order, Check, Draft or Registered Letter, all sent in an unregistered letter, will be at owner's risk.  
 Main office of The Tribune, 154 Nassau St., New York.  
 Address all correspondence simply "The Tribune," New York.

## New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1888.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—The East of London is panic-stricken by the fourth brutal murder of women by an unknown criminal. Germans and Africans have been fighting at Zanzibar. The Car and Carina were enthusiastically welcomed at Elizabethgrad. Many French fishermen have been lost off Iceland. Disaster followed by cyclone in Vera Cruz, many vessels having been wrecked. M. Bihourd has been appointed Governor of Indo-China.

Congress.—The House only in session. The Retention bill was passed, only four negative votes being cast; a lively debate, participated in by Messrs. White, Wilson, Cockran, McAdoo, Bayne and McMillin, preceded the vote. The conferees on the Fortification bill have reached an agreement. The War Department has directed that in contracts for supplies preference shall be given to domestic productions.

Domestic.—Grand Army men on their way to the National Encampment called on General Harrison; they brought cheering news of Republican prospects on the Pacific Slope. Mr. Blaine spoke at Hamerscotia and Rockland, Me. Ex-Senator Warner Miller made a vigorous speech on the High License issue at Little Valley, in this State. The loss by frost in Maine was estimated at \$1,000,000. Many Hill delegates were chosen to attend the State Democratic Convention at Buffalo. It was announced that the President's letter of acceptance would be given to the public to-night. The New-Hampshire Bank Commission, in its annual report, dwelt unfavorably upon the absorption of Eastern capital in Western investment.

City and Suburban.—Allen G. Thurman tried to speak to a big crowd at Newark, but his strength failed him again after he had talked a few minutes and he had to be taken from the hall to the railroad station, where Colonel Brier's private car was waiting for him. Frederick E. Boardley, a chemist, committed suicide at his employer's office. The winners at Sheephead Bay were Swift, Salvator, My Own, Eurus, Los Angeles, Little Jim. The Umbria arrived with an unusually large number of passengers, among them were many prominent people.

The Weather.—Indications for to-day: Light rains, followed by clearing weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 61 degrees; lowest, 55; average, 67.

Somebody has been spreading in the London markets the rookback that the crops in this country are likely to be the poorest in twenty-five years, and in consequence the price of bread is slowly rising. There is sheer cruelty in this tampering with one of the prime necessities of life. The London markets are affected by rumors that are wholly without foundation. The crops of the United States are by no means a failure. The most trustworthy reports indicate that the yield of wheat and corn will be fully up to the average. Such fictions as have disturbed London must originate in the brains of conscienceless speculators.

Quaint old York is the theme of a charming letter from Mr. Winter's facile pen. The magnificent cathedral is the central figure of the picture, although the Canterbury structure is described as more spiritual and as more harmoniously situated. In York there is a marked contrast between the splendid building that overtops the city and the rude and incongruous character of the city itself. Its modern architecture leaves the ancient and beautiful pile in lonely and triumphant isolation. The vulgar spirit of York is shown in the shabby care bestowed upon the fragments of the ancient wall which yet remain and which deserve to be cherished with religious devotion. Yet York was once the seat of great and illustrious deeds, and all the country round about, as seen from the lofty towers of the Minster, is historic ground.

Another murder of the same fiendish character as the three that have previously shocked London occurred during Friday night in White-chapel. These atrocities are apparently the work of the same hand; yet the police seem powerless to prevent the crimes or to discover the murderer. Suggestions of vigilance committees are made in some of the newspapers, and a large part of London seems to be in a condition bordering on panic. A positive denial is given in our special cable dispatch to the reports that Sir Charles Warren is to resign the Commissioner of Police, but it is evident that the London police and detective force is badly demoralized, and a change of some sort is in order. A few of our lynx-eyed American detectives would probably ferret out these mysteries so quickly as to make the slower-going Londoners wag their solemn heads in amazement.

The revelations made in a letter from Athens printed on the 18th page are extremely sensational. By the suicide of the President of the Greek Police Department, a few weeks ago, it became known that all the most valuable specimens of ancient Greek art which have been acquired by the museums of Europe in the last eight years had been literally stolen from the Royal Central Museum of Athens, and a wide-reaching conspiracy has been brought to light. The directors of the Athens Museum, several other Government officials and four prominent professors in the University at Athens, besides the Chief of Police of the Kingdom, are implicated in it, and the dread of the shameful disclosures that were impending led to the suicide mentioned. The discovery of the plot was made by accident by a Greek diplomat in the British Museum. Many valuable acquisitions of the Louvre Museum, of the British and South Kensington institutions, and of museums in Berlin and Vienna must be given up and returned to Greece, the laws of which on the subject of antiquities are remarkable.

ably rigid. Whether the contents of museums in this country will be affected does not yet appear. It is astonishing that these transactions could have been carried on so long without detection, when of necessity so many public officers were concerned in them. The disclosures will create consternation in every art institution in the world.

## GOVERNOR HILL AND THE VIRTUOUS DEMOCRATS.

There is something irresistibly comical about a virtuous Democrat. His situation is so lonely, and he has such an indescribable expression of sadness in his face. These circumstances ordinarily entitle those afflicted by them to a certain measure of commiseration, but somehow it doesn't happen to occur to you to pity a virtuous Democrat. And why should it? If he is bound to be virtuous, what business has he being a Democrat, or if he is bent upon being a Democrat, what possible excuse can he offer for being virtuous? His unhappy situation is his own fault, and is, moreover, so easily cured that no good reason can be given for an appeal to one's compassionate interest. All he need do to recover his happiness is to abandon his virtue or his Democracy. And, seeing that he cannot keep on good terms with himself anyhow so long as he retains them both, the sacrifice ought not to distress him.

It is for these reasons that the public generally looks with unmixed amusement at the spectacle presented by those virtuous Democrats who assembled in the Cooper Union last Friday night to denounce Governor Hill. They were all real Democrats. Many, to be sure, were attached to ex-Mayor Grace, giving color to the suspicion that a considerable part of the assembled "citizens" had been imported from Hunter's Point, whither Mr. Grace, according to the sworn testimony of a fellow-Democrat, always secures his loudest citizens when he is going to run for anything. Others, too, came from Mr. Henry George's section of the Anti-Poverty economists. Others were ex-Mugwumps, but all were genuine Democrats.

Their complaint against the Governor, as nearly as we can make it out, was that he was befriending the run interest, opposing electoral reform, sharing in the profits of public contracts, and debauching the Civil Service. This is all true enough. Indeed, it is but a small and feeble statement of the Governor's demerits. But what is there about it that need disturb a supporter of Grover Cleveland? Where would the Democratic party be without the saloons? Where would Mr. Cleveland land on the 6th of November without the help of frauds on the franchise? Who but his partisans are at this moment blocking legislation that looks toward the preservation of the halo from violence and dishonesty? Where Hill has appointed one bad official Cleveland has appointed a hundred. Where Hill has debauched the Civil Service of one State, Cleveland has debauched it in thirty-eight States and eight Territories. If the stomach of the virtuous Democrat resents Hill, how desperately it ought to throb at being asked to digest Cleveland.

There is only one way out of the scrape in which these virtuous Democrats find themselves. They must nominate a ticket of their own. With Henry George, of California, for President, with ex-Governor D. H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, for Vice-President, and with young Mr. Ivins, of W. R. Grace & Co., for Governor, they ought to be able to sweep themselves. They could not only harmonize their virtue and their Democracy, but they could present to themselves a fetching platform, mingling the ideas of communism with the principles of Machiavelli. What could be more attractive than this scheme to a virtuous Democrat?

## A CELEBRATED CASE.

There are many and just complaints concerning the laxity of our methods in dealing with criminals. It is something, however, in their favor that they work on the side of the old-fashioned rule, that it is better to let many of the guilty escape rather than to punish one of the innocent. In older countries, on the other hand, the law usually leans on the side of severity. There has been much complaint in England of late years concerning the lack of facilities of appeal in capital cases, which are so grievously abused in this country. The time is so short between conviction and execution that the authorities have narrowly escaped on more than one occasion, recently, putting an innocent man to death, and sometimes the revelation of the mistake comes too late.

An extraordinary instance of the same tendency is seen in a celebrated case now before the French Chambers. The story has aroused popular interest and sympathy to such an extent that it has been made the subject of a drama on the boards of a Paris theatre. It dates back to the coup d'etat of Napoleon III. Pierre Vaux was a schoolmaster at Longepierre, in the Department of the Seine-et-Loire. His stern fidelity to the Republican cause earned him the enmity of many of his neighbors, who went over like sheep to the side of the usurping Emperor. Vaux was, nevertheless, elected a municipal councillor. The enmity between the Republican and Imperial factions was intense. Suddenly a series of fires, mysterious in their origin, spread through the community, attacking the homes of the rich and poor alike. Every effort to discover the supposed incendiary failed, until somebody took advantage of Vaux's unpopularity to denounce "the revolutionist," as he was called, as the criminal. He was condemned in October, 1852, to transportation for life, without evidence, and really upon nothing more than the suspicions of his enemies. He suffered twenty-three years of mental and bodily misery in Cayenne before he died.

But the real criminal had meantime been discovered, several years before the convict's death, and proved to be a personal enemy of the schoolmaster and a village Mayor. He confessed, not only the crime, but his own false witness against his unfortunate victim. But unluckily for Pierre Vaux, his enemy committed suicide in his cell the day before his trial. We say unluckily for Pierre Vaux, because, according to one of the strange provisions of the Code Napoleon, a person unjustly condemned cannot obtain a repeal of his sentence until the guilty party is tried and judged. The real criminal cannot exonerate the innocent man without a trial. So that while Pierre Vaux's innocence was absolutely established, it could not be legally demonstrated, and he wore his life out as a convict. Now that he is dead, his status cannot be made good without a special bill, modifying the Code Napoleon. His family, who remained with him in his miserable exile, returned to France upon his death twelve years ago, and have ever since been engaged in petitioning the Chambers for justice. His children have now addressed a pathetic appeal to M. Floquet to carry through the bill, which has been introduced at every session for this purpose. But it is said there is little prospect of its passage. The French regard the Code Napoleon with superstitious reverence, and the Deputies feel that if they once begin

to alter it they do not know where they will stop.

The incident illustrates the severity of the French system in dealing with criminals, which is abhorrent to English ideas of justice. The judge is prosecutor, and the prisoner is practically considered guilty until he proves his innocence. The laxity of American methods is certainly not to be condoned, but we can, at least, derive some satisfaction from the thought that such heart-breaking injustice has been inflicted upon the unhappy Pierre Vaux and his children would not be possible in our country.

## THE YELLOW FEVER.

The situation in Jacksonville grows rapidly graver. The number of new cases is mounting rapidly each day, and the city has fallen under a veritable scourge. There is every indication that the response of the generous people of other States, especially in the North, to the cry that has come up for help will be quick and ample, as it was in the former visitations of this terrible plague.

But there are many encouraging circumstances in the present situation, which tend against the probability that there will be anything like a recurrence of the memorable epidemic of ten years ago. In the first place it is to be noted that thus far the disease has been successfully confined to Jacksonville. That city is prostrated by panic even more than by the fever itself, but the first announcement that it has spread outside comes from a town thirty miles west. Whether it shall spread further will depend, largely, upon the thoroughness and intelligence with which the quarantine is maintained. Yellow Jack travels fast with proper facilities. In the epidemic of 1878 the first case appeared in Vicksburg on the 12th of August, and in Memphis on the following day. But there is no reason why proper quarantine, which is easier to enforce on railroads than on a river, should not hold the fever at bay. It is only just to the people of Florida to impress the fact upon the public that this has been up to the present a local, not a general outbreak. There is no yellow fever elsewhere in the State, except in the case just mentioned, and, so far as can be discovered, no panic, though, of course, the people are taking measures to protect themselves against contagion.

Another very encouraging circumstance is that, if the disease is to spread at all, it has begun to do so at a late date. Ten years ago the epidemic was officially pronounced by the middle of September to be waning. It began early in the summer. It is now near the middle of September, and the fever has for the first time broken out of the bounds of Jacksonville. It is true that the frost is not believed to kill the yellow fever germs, but it certainly diminishes their potency, and the period during which the fever is most dangerous will soon have ended. This is a good reason why the people of the South should not let their fears run away with them.

We wish we could believe that, even if they escape a serious epidemic, the cities of the South will take warning, and subject themselves to thorough measures of sanitary reform. But sermons on this topic have grown wearisome, and conversions are few.

## RACING TO RUINOUS EXCESS.

The expansion of racing in America has been too swift and hasty to be sound and lasting. Race-courses have been springing up in every quarter almost in a night, like Jonah's gourd. The number of races has been multiplied many times. The dimensions of stakes and purses have been enormously increased, and now upon almost every available day, from the time when the snow melts until the frosts and storms of December set in, there is racing in some part of the country, and upon a great majority of the days racing on two or more tracks at the same time. For many years the breeding and running of thoroughbreds in this country were practised on a modest and reasonable scale. Now they have suddenly swollen into prodigious proportions. A craze for this form of sport has seized upon great numbers of people who desert their regular occupations during several afternoons in a week to take part in the excitement and the gambling which attend the tests of the relative merits of the horses. The business of betting—for it has become a business, pursued with an energy and activity equal to those devoted to more legitimate and salutary forms of money-getting—has advanced and widened to an extent that would not have been thought possible a quarter of a century ago. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are staked in all the chief cities of the country on such races as the Suburban Handicap and the Futurity Stakes. Gambling on the turf has become the most attractive, the most fascinating and the most dangerous form of wild speculation in which masses of people indulge. Betting on horses is practised far more generally and by a far greater number of people than speculation in stocks. Stock speculations require considerable sums for margins and for the protection of operators. Gambling on races requires so little capital that even men of the most meagre resources may practise it.

The whole thing has been carried to a most deplorable excess. While the racing near New-York was confined to Jerome Park, Sheephead Bay and Monmouth Park, and while the clubs which control these three courses were content with a reasonable number of racing days, there was more to commend than to criticize in the conduct of affairs. But the immense attendance, the abundant receipts, the enthusiastic interest shown in the races of recent years have brought about the opening of new tracks and the planning of still more. The Brooklyn Jockey Club must now have its share of the racing season between May 15 and October 15. The new Westchester course to be started next year also proposes to race as many days as the older associations. As things now look, in the five months to which racing is confined in this part of the country there will not be in 1889 a single unoccupied week-day. During six days of every week one club or another will have its gates open and will invite the public to come in. Mr. Withers and his associates of Monmouth Park have projected a new track. Talk is heard on every hand of the big profits made by the jockey clubs, and new schemes and enterprises in addition to those already mentioned or indicated are in the air.

A reaction must come from this feverish, unnatural and injurious state of things. Big and broad and rich as this country is, it cannot during this century support the turf on any such scale as the jockey clubs seem to expect. Every one who has the true interests of breeding and of racing at heart must deeply regret the undue haste on every hand to add to the number of race-tracks, and to carry speculation of this sort to fantastic extremes. It is a mistaken policy, which must inevitably end in disaster. Because the present clubs have made great profits there is no reason to expect that additional ones will prove lucrative. The drain on the surplus money of the patrons of races

is already far too severe. The results of it have been seen of late in the diminished attendance at the races. England has within fifty miles of London's centre a much greater population than that comprised within fifty miles of our City Hall; and yet the various racing associations in this vicinity are now giving more races than take place in the year within fifty miles of London, and they propose, if their present plans are carried out, to make extensive additions to the already excessive number. They appear to forget that the era of the wildest speculation in Wall Street have always been followed by long terms of depression and distress. It must inevitably be so on the turf. The feeling of rivalry between the jockey clubs is already keen and bitter. It will grow stronger and fiercer if the number of tracks is increased, and the demands for public patronage become insatiable and incessant. The result will be a furious competition, which will prevent any of the racing organizations from making profits. The only safety for them lies in such harmonious action as will curtail the number of days of racing given by each. In the present state of things no jockey club ought to give in the year more than twenty days of racing at most. Ten days for each of two meetings are amply sufficient. To attempt next year (as they have been doing this year) to give from twenty to twenty-five or even more days must bring about financial stringency and embarrassment for more than one of them. Only caution, coolness, self-restraint and moderation can preserve and protect the interests of the American turf.

## THE LATE-MODERN CRAZE.

There is a new craze this fall. It is a craze for what is newest instead of what is oldest in household furniture, bric-a-brac and related articles. Those who are the victims of this craze do not go up and down the city attending auctions and visiting second-hand shops in search of cheap, footed tables, high-shouldered chairs, snuffing wheels, china, decanters, mirrors—all wanted to be antiques or the money refunded. No. None of these things move them. The fact is that they have renounced the old and have flown for relief to the contemporaneous. The newer a thing is the better they like it. Unless, for instance, a piece of furniture is so fresh from the manufacturer that the varnish is still a trifle sticky it fails to attract them. They call themselves The Society for the Promotion of the New; they have adopted as their motto "Say not that the former times were better than these"; and they have chosen Mr. Veneering as their patron saint. Our readers will recall Dickens's vivid description of the Veneering family:

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were brand-new people, in a brand-new house in a brand-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was new, and they were new. All their furniture was new, all their dresses were new, all their servants were new; their plate was new, their carriage was new, their horses were new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, their themselves were new; they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a brand-new baby.

The origin of the society is rather interesting. Several ladies well known as indefatigable collectors of old things spent last summer in a quaint village among the New-England hills. They were aware that the village had acquired a great reputation among the lovers of the old, because of the many venerable warning-signs, sideboards, candlesticks and the like which its kind-hearted citizens had been induced to part with for a consideration to meet a great popular want. The ladies settled down on one of the shaded streets of the little village, realizing that the place was dull and hot, but "sustained and soothed" by the hope of hunting up and purchasing at a bargain a lot of choice old things. But they were doomed to disappointment. The harvesters had been through that field and had done thorough work, and so, too, had the gleaners. Consequently when these ladies arrived on the scene there was not a portable thing left for sale—save possibly a pair of chickens—in the village that was more than a year or two old, and a half old. The grief and despair of the collectors may be imagined. At first they refused to be comforted, although the village pastor called and did his best. At length one of them suddenly dried her eyes and exclaimed to the others: "I have it! The very thing! Why didn't we think of it before? Let's cut the old and go in for the new." Her comrades in misfortune were delighted with the suggestion and without a dissenting voice at once resolved to adopt it.

Such was the genesis of this interesting error; so it came to pass that these collectors suffered the "Late-Modern" as one of them styled it, to take the place in their affections that had been held by the Early-Ancient. Their resolve once taken, the ladies lost no time in acting upon it. They began operations by advertising in the local paper that they were prepared to buy useful, useless and fancy articles, provided they were offered at a bargain and could get genuine brand-new things. It took the villagers some days to catch the significance of this advertisement, but having done so they responded generously and with alacrity. The first beneficiary of the new craze was the village tinker. Soon after he heard on what the ladies were doing, he presented himself in his hands a set of consummately bright tin pans. This was on the 6th day of July. On the bottom of each pan stamped "July 5, 1888, A. D." The ladies noticed the date, and the tinker having produced an affidavit sworn to before a notary public stating that the pans were all made on July 5, they conferred upon a moment and then offered him \$125 for the set. There was nothing mean about the tinker, so without a moment's hesitation he passed over the pans. A depraved furniture dealer who promptly answered the advertisement met with the fate which he deserved. He invited the ladies to call at his warehouse and look at a mahogany table and secretary. Both articles were simply exquisite. They were fashioned from the noblest mahogany, they were faultless in form and finish, their ornaments were mingles of taste, as rare as they were beautiful. The ladies asked the dealer when the two pieces were made. He stammered a moment and then replied, "Early this summer." There was something in the tone and expression of the face which accompanied that inspired distrust. So one of the collectors at once proceeded to question him sharply, threatening him with exposure unless he told the truth. Thereupon the wretched broker broke down and confessed that both table and secretary, instead of being new, were made during the winter of 1887. He was profuse in his apologies and offered to let them have both pieces for ninety-nine cents, but the ladies drove him from their presence with pitiless scorn.

At last account the society was flourishing. There is obvious danger, however, that the craze for the Late-Modern, like the craze for the Early-Ancient, will be brought into disrepute by the more thoughtlessly zealous of its devotees. To pay \$125 for a set of common tin pans simply because of their extreme youth is on a par with paying an equally stiff extortion for a common set of drawers simply because of their extreme age. Let us collect, but let us keep our senses. A thing of beauty is a joy forever. But a thing of ugliness, whether old or new, is never a joy.

"The Sun" says that the reading of the address at the Anti-Hill meeting was "punctuated" with cheers for the Governor. It certainly needed punctuation of some sort sadly. It was a highly soporific performance. The atmosphere which is expected to get the aid of the saloons for Cleveland, in order that he may carry his own State, is certainly fortunate in some of its ingredients.

The United States has no more use for Public Printer Benedict than the French Republic has for General Boulanger. Let each of them go to his own place.

No, no, cannot induce the proprietors of mountain and seaside resorts to agree that this is satisfactory weather. The coolness deprives them

of too many of their guests. They like to see a piping hot September. Their card, however, is not to mourn the departure of summer, but to dwell as there is so much reason for doing, upon the wonderful and too little appreciated charms of autumn out of town. He is to be reckoned fortunate who is permitted to watch the leaves turn among the hills or on the shore. Those who take their vacation this month do well; those who postpone it until October do even better.

A block of granite weighing fifty-five tons has just been carried over the Erie Canal from Rochester. It is said that the Erie never bore a bigger load; but then, it must be remembered that Mr. —'s novels are never transported by water. P. S.—Each reader can fill up the blank to suit himself.

That ultra-Tory organ, "The St. James's Gazette," comments in this wise upon the President's Fisheries message:

A high standard of manners would hardly permit of such male-believe of defiance; but it would appear that the heart of the American people is not set on manners.

Nor is it set on defiance, either real or make-believe. And yet, as we think our manner-loving contemporary may be able to recall, it has been set on defiance in two notable instances. One was in the year 1776, and the other in the year 1812. It has been set on manners, too, but in dealing with England it hasn't seemed to accomplish so much by manners as by defiance. At this particular moment, nevertheless, it has a strong inclination in the direction of manners which "The St. James's Gazette" will find greatly to England's advantage to make the most of, for the possibilities of the great heart of the American people, when it becomes fixed on defiance, were not exhausted either in 1776 or in 1812.

The Anarchists are Free Traders and hearty supporters of Cleveland and Thurman. Well, we are sure the Democracy is welcome to all the scraps of that kind it can secure. Speed on the Anarchist Free Trade Democratic movement.

"The Liverpool Courier" declares that the Fisheries Treaty was rejected "for no other reason than that a certain person was engaged in its negotiation." We suppose that Mr. Chamberlain must be the "certain person" to whom "The Courier" refers. But no one knows better than he that such a statement is absurdly incorrect.

It was rejected because it was a bad treaty, in principle and in terms; because it surrendered valuable American rights, not treaty rights, nor conferred rights, but rights which we conquered with Great Britain and retained in the Treaty of Separation. This was the only reason of its rejection, despite the views of Mr. W. H. Harburt, who appears to be quite as useful to his country abroad as he was at home.

What eases Mr. Hyman, of Canada, for the fishery dispute, or for retaliatory messages, or for the question of annexation? Probably nothing, comparatively speaking. Hyman at present is floating on a sea of bliss, where aught that has a tendency to cause the brow to corrugate never intrudes. Not a wave of trouble rolls across the breast of Hyman. In a word, Hyman has just won the tennis championship of the Dominion.

Even "The Sun" begins to doubt whether that \$10,000 check was a good enough letter of acceptance. It prints the dates of the letters of acceptance of Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, Hancock and Cleveland, showing that they followed respectively twenty-four, ten, thirty-two, thirty-five, and forty days after the nomination, and reminds Mr. Cleveland that it is now more than three months since he was nominated. The exact period is ninety-six days. The Tribune is waiting anxiously for that letter. Mr. Cleveland has been so long about it that it must mean we are to have the Greatest Effort of his Life.

One of the speakers at the anti-Hill meeting said a significant thing. He likened the Democratic party to a ship "overtaken by a storm," and said that if the "Democratic ship needs to be lightened in the Presidential storm, and a worthless nomination of Governor should be made, we will know what to throw overboard to save the National ticket." That storm is likely to develop into a hurricane, judging from the stiffness of the breeze from Vermont.

An impression is gaining ground in Nyack that the burglar that visited that place Friday night was not a person whose word could be depended upon. He told a Swedish girl whom he awakened during his earnest search for silverware in Mr. Harvey's house, "Your time has come." By way of demonstrating that his statement was false, that he had not come, the plucky girl, undaunted by the revolver which he leveled at her, sized hold of the burglar and pitched him down a flight of stairs. Whereupon, without retracting the falsehood which he had told her, the burglar beat a hasty retreat. It is to be hoped that "the time" of this Swedish girl will be very long in coming. The earth cannot number among its quick too many of her resolute sort.

Senator Blackburn says that the "Civil Service" which he "cherishes" is like that "held to and administered by your own great Governor," meaning David B. Hill. Senator Blackburn is an able and representative Democrat, and there is no doubt that he reflects the views of a large majority of his party. Governor Hill is an excellent representative of the Democracy, both in his opinions and his character, and he has, at least, this to his credit, that he does little posing of the Cleveland sort.

## PERSONAL.

That venerable and still vigorous Bostonian, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, is mentioned as a remarkably shrewd real estate operator. He has been making investments on Cape Cod.

Lord and Lady Tennyson will spend the coming winter on the Riviera.

Miss Lois M. Royce, the little school-teaching heroine of the Western blizzard, has received the pair of artificial feet to provide which teachers and others in Boston contributed the means, and they have already proved wonderfully efficient. She writes, "They fit so far admirably, and I walk very well with them. I walked to the carriage this afternoon just by taking hold of my father's arm."

The Hon. D. H. Goodell, the Republican nominee to the New-Hampshire Governorship, is the inventor of one fascinating and useful article, the "lightning apple-paver."

Hubert Herkimer, the artist, is about to marry again. His bride is a Welsh lady, a Miss Margaret Griffiths. The artist has been married twice before.

General Edward McCook, who was Territorial Governor of Colorado in exciting times, often appears on the streets of Denver, having landed interests there as well as in New-York and San Francisco. The General is well preserved. His hair is like the wing of the raven, long, glossy and black. His fierce moustache curls as beautifully as of old, and all in all, time has dealt with him lightly.

Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, like Sir John Mills, in youth went to Australia to dig gold.

King Ja Ja and his son Sunday seem to enjoy their exile on the island of St. Vincent and are duly being combed more popular, owing, no doubt, to the King's allowance of \$4,000 a year from the British Government. He is frequently entertained and conducts himself with average propriety. But the ladies of the island have not, so far, acceded to his proposals of marriage, since he requires more wives than one. The English Government expects the colony, a poor one this day, to save His Majesty's treasury some possible so that his stay may take the form rather of a five years' picnic than exile, doubtless a suitable remuneration for his disinterested condescension in degrading him to the level of his liberty and Kingdom.

John Dunn, the renegade Zulu leader, has entirely renounced civilization and has taken two or three dozen Zulus. By birth he is a Scotchman. His father was a trader in Natal. John went out to South Africa when very young, and has never returned. He traded among the Zulus for his father, and by-and-by took a liking for the people and the country and settled permanently there. He soon became an influential Zulu.

Prince Bismarck has become an honorary master-tailor. On the occasion of its sixth centenary, the Berlin guild of tailors resolved to elect the Prince one of its honorary members in recognition of his eminent merits for having brought about the unity of the German Empire, and for having specially promoted the

interests of the German artisans. The diploma, beautifully executed on parchment, bears the banners of Alsace-Lorraine, flanked by the Prussian and the German coats-of-arms—the three-leaved clover with nettles, in a blue field—surmounted by the emblems of the craft, the tailors' guild. It is enclosed in a richly ornamented leather box, bearing on its cover the Bismarck coat of arms, and is signed, surrounded by a princely crown in rich gilding.

The Afghan Amir is his own High Court, and his procedure is very prompt and simple. A postmaster being reported for remissness in the delivery of letters, was beaten regularly for three days. This was a very light punishment. The order in some cases is "Cut off his nose," in others "Cut off his ears," and the sentence is carried out without any needless delay. One night fifteen individuals were executed, some of them having their throats cut. Afghan-fashions, as they have been called, others were blown from the gales. These unlucky people seemed to have no right to their graves, and would have been brought back to the land of the living. The morning after a married woman and her lover were brought before his Highness by the enraged husband. The wife, who had been the good-looking woman for a moment, was handed over to the lover, who was then slain. The woman, moved by a sense of the fitness of things, slew them both as they had passed the city gate. People knew what was going to happen, and flocked out to see the two sinners slaughtered. Torture is sometimes resorted to as a punishment or to create strong moral impression.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"Fetch me that handkerchief, my mind misgives me." "Observe (with bandanna variation). That handkerchief. Did an old Roman to our party give. He was a Bourbon, and knew the cyclopses better than G. C. His foot on which we kept it would be invulnerable. And submit the Mugwump entirely to our love. But, if we should it. Or put a tariff on it, Democracy should hold us N. G., and its fancies would hunt After new spirits. He living gave it us, and bade us when the fate Might change our luck. 'To Whom her up?' 'Well do so, and don't forget it.' 'Make it a tariff like our public trust.' 'To lose it, or stow it away, might in November knock us galley west.' 'I tell you,' exclaimed a slim individual at the corner of Court and State sts. yesterday afternoon, 'that was God's greatest gift to man. As the poet says, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' 'Are you a Protestantist?' asked a bystander, poking him cordially by the hand. 'No,' said the contemptuous reply, 'I sell milk.'—(Birmingham Republican).

"What we want," says an old sports Democrat, "is a President who will put tried Democrats in office." Well, you have a President who has done even better than that; for he has put tried and convicted Democrats in office.

The London police have organized a brass band consisting of forty-one pieces. They are determined to drive the criminals out of the city in some way. A London preacher recently announced in the papers that he would preach on "—, —, —, —, —." Of course a great throng of people went to hear him, when he explained his queer announcement by saying that his topic was "The Passes of Life."

The car had run off the track. "Well," said the old man, "I think it is time street cars were run on scientific principles." "Durn the principles," replied the young man, "I think it is time they were run on the rails."—(Washington Critic).

First New-York Club Man—I see that Mrs. Donstine is said to be descended from William the Conqueror; I suppose she has a family tree.

Second New-York Club Man—Yes, eighteen of them. "